

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]

That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker  
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)

Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?  
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)

That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?  
(Eight, you know what I'm sayin'?)

You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?  
(Keepin' it real!)

How old are you nigga?  
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]

Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state  
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate

Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards  
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets

Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through  
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too

In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'  
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em  
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of  
and snitches get dealt with, with no love

Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury  
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry  
But never worry, they'll remember me through history  
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well

When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell

Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards

Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket

Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks

Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass

Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?

Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?

High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway

When will they learn to take it easy? Uh

Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive

By makin' motherfuckers fry

Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops

Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop

Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire

Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar

Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence  
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens

Never missin', an early grave is my only mission  
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five  
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

*[Dramacydal:]*

*[Kadafi:]*

Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be  
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's  
I witnessed niggas lose they chest  
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest

*[Kastro:]*

So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"  
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'  
I ain't fearin' nuttin'

*[EDI Amin (Kastro):]*

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny  
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me  
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'  
(how he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)

*[Napoleon:]*

Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry  
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'

Talkin' 'bout prayin'

*[Kadafi:]*

They need to stop, that ain't gon' help  
These niggas sprayin' up my block

*[Napolean:]*

Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
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*[2Pac:]*

Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge  
Punk police, niggas run the streets  
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music  
Shit's changed

1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange  
The rules is all rearranged  
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets  
These punk police is crooked as me  
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's  
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga  
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger  
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel  
Cause you know these streets is real ill  
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket  
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards  
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby  
Then the young thugs  
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

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